

THE
PRUDE;

WINNER

AND

WEARHER,

COMEDY

*Written by James Ayre Weeks
Turn to the person named at Laid down,
as to Hoy, who printed this licentious Play
Told me when I bought it at his Shop - 1800.*

DUBLIN:

Printed by PETER HOEY, at the Mercury, (No. 33)
Upper Ormond-Quay, 1791.
First Edition.

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

Merit.
Sparkle.
Teague.
Shadow.
Novice.
Lord Vainplot.
Coachman.
Butler.
Watchman.

W O M E N.

Lady Mangel.
Aura.
Fanny.
Minx.

SCENE
Watchman, Bully and Servants.

P R U D E.

SCENE I. Merrit's Lodgings

[Enter Teagus staggering]

TH E Devilish in dis Shea—fat a
 heady liquor 'tis, it makes von
 dance vidout Musick, De Devil tawke my
 Brogues, dey're got upon de travling Pin,
 and dont tought dey're coming home
 again, Arrah:—No fait, dey're dancing
 for Joys and Congratulations, dat dey're
 come to sweet Earland, De devil mond
 em fen dey leave it, to go to such Pil-
 grimages, If dey catch me in deir Ri-
 ding houth again, dey shall vid Teagus
 Permission's put him into baits to take
 Mackrell, As I was coming along de
 Shitty, de People vou'd be jeering and
 Sheering at me becaush I stagger, Ar-
 rah, I have one side of de Teagus in Li-
 quor, By my Showl You Lese fane I for
 de Liquor in Teagus. — oh! how he
 tought

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tought Teague was nobody at all, but I gave him a Rowling Pin for his Oliver.

(going out Shadow meets him)

(Enter SHADOW.)

Sha. Teague?

Tea. Maister Shadow, your'e welcome to Ireland, Sweet Joy. *[Salute.]*

Sha. I wasn't out of it; you welcome every body to Ireland because you were abroad yourself.

Tea. And is'nt dat a very good way.

Sha. But what brought you home so soon?

Tea. A Chip dear Joy.

Sha. Really.

Tea. Oh, de devil a Lee.

Sha. But what Business?

Tea. My Maister's.

Sha. That I believe but what brought him?

Tea. Oh! upon my Shoul we came in one Chip joy.

Sha. Tut: this fool will not give a direct Answer?

Tea. De devil a Lee in dat.

Sha. But what Business brought your Maister?

Tea. His own I believe.

Sha. The Devil's in this Fellow, sure 'tis out of the Power of a Judge to hang him, tho' his face has a good Gallows Prospect.

(Exit)

Tea.

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Tea. Arrah, dear boy, I'll tell you, for you understand croils Questions, and I croils answers. Dere I'm even vid you as I vas vid de Shit, ha! ha!

Sha. What did you fall in?

Tea. No, but I met vid a — and vas going to fall too.

Sha. Well, and what hinder'd you?

Tea. Fy, it told me, 'twas belooke for your Breakfast — ha! ha! — dere's a London Bargain for you.

Sha. But hark'e Sirrah, do you know what Business brought your Master home?

Tea. Yes, his Mistresse's

Sha. Oh I take you now, Miss Aura I suppose?

Tea. By St. Patrick your e a Conjuror, fait Maister Shadow, de women be no better dan Devils, first dey tempt Men, and den damn'em Shoul and Body. My Curse upon all Shweet Hearts, for dey are bitter Hearts, to Teague and his Maister. My Maister sails to England, to see de world, and Teague must accompany his Converlation, den my Maister's Mistress breaks her Vows and contracts and goes to marry in his abstinence, dan he rides Post to forbid de Beams, Ah Mistress Aura, I didn't

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think you'd be after playing de knave upon my poor Maister's Ace of hearts.

Sha. So! So! I perceive by this fellow that Merit is come home in a jealous fit, he has heard some false Rumour of her going to be married. [*aside.*]

Teague, do you know where your Maister is?

Tea. In Ireland.

Sha. But where?

Tea. Above ground I believe.

Sha. Tut, don't trifle, tell me where he is?

Tea. In his Clothes, arrah! didn't I tell you so.

Enter MERIT.

Sha. My dearest Merit.

Mer. Oh Pylades, what's Life without a friend?

Sha. And a Mistress, for I see, you can't live where she is not.

Mer. 'Tis true, and I have found my friend, faithful, tho' my Mistress false.

Sha. False! Merit?

Mer. Yes, false, is she not going to be marry'd is she not on the Point of Marriage?

Sha. No.

Mer. Not to Lord Vainplot?

Sha. Gracious Powers; can you be under

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under any apprehensions for that titled Fool?

Mer. What's more engaging in a Woman's Eye than a Title to give her honour and folly, to govern her husband, you shall see an hundred fools marry'd for one Man of Sense.

Sha. Oh Jealous Lover—I dare engage, he is no more than a foible to amuse her in your absence, Women like Children they'll throw away their Whistle, and cut themselves with a Razor.

Sha. He may be a Sharper, but for any other quality of a Razor, I cannot see it in this Rival of yours, Come, come you wrong Aura's Judgment for tho' she be full of Airs as an Opera, none of them are out of tune, but set to the musick of her Conduct, she is a Woman of more exquisite taste than to fix her Choice there.

Mer. What a fool, and a Coronet?

Sha. When a Coxcomb and Feather are the Appendages, a Woman suspends her Choice, at least, a Woman of Sense like Aura, What is a fine Lady without a Gallant, what gives a welcome to Coxcombs but this very Circumstance; else adieu to the dear Nonsense of the boxes, the enchanting Sound of "Get my
Lady's

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Lady's Coach there — they're but the Parenthesis of a Woman's Time, a Woman of Sense makes use of the hand of a Coxcomb as the Monkey in the Fable made use of the Cat's Paw, did you know the Sex truly you'd blame 'em less and esteem 'em more, their seeming indiscretions would seem to many political Virtues, but a jealous Eye like an Envious one, is a foul Telescope, when do you leave Ireland again?

Mer. As soon as I settle matters with my Mistress.

Sha. Faith I'm afraid, this return of yours will rather discompose Matters, Lord Vainplot is in her Woman's Interest, and the Construction of your return to Ireland, lies at their Mercy.

Mer. I must go thro' it, if she's true, I deserve Penance for my Heresie and Infidelity.

Tea. Arrah Maister, vidout Quivocations, or Simulashions dye conceive notions of leaving Earland again?

Mer. Yes, and soon too.

Tea. Well God be vid you, (kisses his master.) by St. Paddy Teague vil stay at home and boil de Praties, No more salt Billows for me, I have not gotten em out of my head yet, I believe de Shea,

is

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is under dis Room too.

Mer. No Oaf, but the Sea has got in to thy head, and set your Senses adrift.

Tea. Yes, and myself vil be adrift. If I don't put in Ballast, I vonder vould the Landlady have a Morsel of Meat in the house.

Mer. The first concern to be sure; didn't you fill your belly as you left the Vessel?

Tea. Phoo! dat vas at Shea, dear Joy but now I'm ashore.

Mer. Sea or Land thou hast a Stomach for both with Victuals thou couldst live in any of the four Elements.

Shea. Teague's Stomach comes and goes like the Post.

Mer. Aye, and carries as many meals too, hark e before you do any thing else, Step to the Vessel and bring our things on Shore.

Tea. The Devil take Teague if he does, he vould to St. Patrick, if ever he was after hitting his brogues in Ireland again, he'd never go in smell of the Shea all his Life. Step to the Vessel, adertha, Step to the Gallows, Fan I Value my thoul and body more nor im-
poss it to such a Skittish Garra, as a Chip, and de Shea is de Devil's Turn-
pike,

pike, Such an uneven Pavement Teague
 murthered in all de Erin Bogs, step to
 the benefit. If you dont I shall refine your
 appetite, by making you fast till you
 have lost your Stomach.

Tea. Ububoo? you've got the wrong
 Sow by de Ear, talking gets Teague a
 Stomach, Tn eating and drinking takes
 away his Stomach. — Refine adertina;
 yet, yey like de Edge of a Razor, make
 it more sharper Set. Won, honest Teague, how dy'e
 like the Sea.

Tea. At your Shervin Joy, de
 Devils own Pryne, We were all like a
 parcel of whore masters, in a Shervan-
 ion, de devil take my Bogue. If I don't
 believe it I'll pay for it in earnest, for it
 parged me upwards and downwards,
 sideways and Crofs ways like Iolup, it
 made my heart ach to hold over de Gun-
 net, like a Child at Nurse, and den a
 whore son of a wave would spit in my
 face behind to save me a Expence of
 brown Paper, and sed de North Wind
 would sneeze, twoud make de mea boll
 over like a Pot of praties. And who did you see in London
 Teague?

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Yea. Men and Women.

Sha. Really?

Yea. De Devil a Lee, and most of de
Men wore Horns and all the Women
Tails, den I see all de Men of War,
devil a Man of War in de World keep
de Peace better.

Sha. And what were they doing?

Yea. The Devil a ting, only sending
stock still like Trees in a Wood, but
I believe dey were at de Justice of Peace.

Sha. Why so?

Yea. Upon my Shoul dey were all
bound over.

Sha. Ha! ha! ha! Targue is a great
Politician!

Yea. Maister, here is the Shealors
vid de tings.

Mer. Let them leave the things
within, here make 'em drink.

Yea. Fair may be dey'd be after Bat-
ing.

Exit Targue

Sha. Well, dear Merit, as I believe
your return will cause a Revolution in
the state, give me but an hour's waiting
and I'll let you know how affairs go be-
tween Aura, Lord Vainplot and that
Woman.

Mer. Where? or how can you get
such

such Intelligence?

Sha. There is nothing done or said in the House, but I know, how you stare, I'll tell you I've an Intrigue there, since you left Ireland.

Mer. With Minx her Woman I suppose.

Sha. No, I thank you I was sworn at Highgate, I'm at higher Game. He's a fool that wastes his Powder with an ordinary Fowl, when he can kill a Pheasant, hang a Secret if one can't communicate. But mum, would you believe it, even with that starch'd band of Religion, her Sister, the devout Man-hater, Lady Manual, my Fortune's slender Frank, she supplies my Pockets with Gold, and I'll supply hers with the best Metal in the Mines, — Love, stark Naked Love.

Mer. By Venus, a fair Relation! and prithee whose calls are most frequent?

Sha. Why, truth on't she wont let me run in her debt, but Frank — the Metamorphose I suffer to please her is as ridiculous as any of Jupiter's.

Mer. What; I hope you dont bull her Man?

Sha. Something as Queer, for as he threw off his God-head, I throw off my

Man.

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Manhood.

Mer. Throw off thy manhood to please thy Mistress; good Doctrine faith, sure when you go a whoring you don't leave that behind, you'd look as simple as a dog that had lost his tail indeed.

Sha. Not that—no, no, faith in one respect, that is a most necessary Article, I represent a Spirit.

Mer. Hast thou a Drum Mr. Fantom?

Sha. No but I make a shift to beat an alarm to Love.

Mer. What march dy'e usually beat?

Sha. Go to bed Tom pleases her best, and I beat it over and over.

Mer. With one Drum stick, ha! ha! ha! 'tis an odd March I presume.

Sha. Faith she's always even with me.

Mer. And up with you too Tom, I dare say.

Sha. You may swear it, but Adieu.

Mer. The Mistress in Case

The Friend must give Place

And she in the End

Would you place to your Friend

(Exit.)

SCENE.

THE PRUDE,

SCENE II.

Lord VAINPLOT'S Lodging.

(Lord VAINPLOT alone.)

Vain. A grand title page, may engage a further perusal of the Contents, thus my Title and Equipage have recommended me here, to Irish Fools, how an outward shew deceives; what am I but a dangerous hook dress'd up in all the feathers of Grandeur, if I can catch one Mistress of this side the Herring Pond my fortune's made.—Aura's the word,—I've the Cabinet in view, and the key in my pocket, that is her Woman,—Here she comes and wants but a little Oiling.

Enter MINX.

Good morrow pretty Mrs. Minx.

Min. Good morrow my Lord. Well my dear Lord you're one of the most dunning Courtiers, that ever press'd poor Minister of state.

Vain. My pretty advocate let me salute thee (*gives her money.*)

Min. Well you've the most polite manner of palming, the most courtly way of saluting, ay, these are irresistible

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table, but my Lord, your'e doing no-
thing in the World, and ar't as lazy, and
indolent, as a Bishop in the Church, or
the Devil among Lawyers.

Vain. I thought the Devil most busy
with them.

Min. Quite the reverse my Lord,
while he presses other Men, they run
Volunteers into his Service.

Vain. But to our state affairs, how
does Merit's arrival affect your Lady?

Min. As the Earl of Essex's return did
Old Bess, my Cecil——she will not see
him——I struck while the Iron was hot.

Vain. My dear Engineer, but how?

Min. Insinuated, that he came over
with no other design but to stop her
proceedings with your Lordship, that if
he was so presuming a Lover, he would
be a most despotic Husband, then I'd
let her cool, then her rage rekindled
which every now and then like grains of
Gunpowder in the fire, broke out in
short Sentences,—ungratefull—Presu-
ming!—then she'd sputter.

Vain. Like a horse shoe in Water.

Min. Or bad firing on a Review day.

Vain. Or a cat that had taken a pinch
of Snuff.

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Min.

Min. Or a stuttering fellow in a Passion.

Vain. You're as full of Similes, Minx, as a spring Morning.

Min. Come, come, my Lord, you're as unconcerned as a Ship in a Calm.

Vain. Or a Client that has got a good Lawyer.

Min. Why truly I have taken pains for you, and brought matters to such a pass, that I left her fully resolved to see him no more, now's your time.

Vain. I've a scheme, which I've often considered, but I'm afraid to put in Practice.

Min. Well see if Theory and Speculation will get you a mistress, fit like Solomon's Suggard, what, my Lord a Lover, and want Courage, you're as timorous as a Maid on her wedding night.

Vain. Or a Soldier at war, before the first shot.

Min. Or a school Boy in an Orchard, no more Similing I beg of your Lordship, for I but slip't out, and am in haste to return, resolve what to do, I'm your Woman, run away with her.

Vain. My amazon! beneath thy Conduct, I'll dare any thing, I but pretended

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ded fear to try you. — I have laid my scheme.—she has promised me to give me her hand to the Play to Night—I've brib'd the Chairmen roundly, who favour'd by the darkness of the Night shall carry her to the Skirts of the Town.

Min. Before or after the Play?

Vain. After, there I have horses to whip her away, before she knows where she is, and then away for London.—my Girl.—dy'e like it?

Min. Extremely,—but the Ship.—

Vain. Sails in a Week, mean time, I can keep her private at a friend's some miles from Town till she condescends to marry.

Min. A match.

Vain. Done—seal it. *(kisses her.)*

Min. Witness my lips, Farewell, my Lord, we shall have your Lordship's Company in the Evening, till when.

Vain. Adieu.

Min. Remember your Promise, the Bank bill:—

Exit.

Vain. Is yours I promise, but shall scarcely perform in this, I shall act the true Lord, tho' the Person be Counterfeit. *(aside.)*

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What.

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What dear Enchantment, in the Char-
ming sound
Something to Syren in a thousand Pound,
The Golden chain has mine for ever
bound her
What fort is proof against a thousand
Pounder.

(Exit.)

End of the first Act.



ACT II.

SCENE I. The College.

Novice's Chamber.

[NOVICE is discovered alone reading.]

It must be so, Ovid thou reasonest well
Else why this pleasing Pain, this pain-
ful Bliss
This longing after Joy and Extacy
Oh! Love, thou irksome—yet delight-
ful Thought
Mysterious Joys, within thy Circle lie
And the lost Lover treads enchanting
Mazes.

Enter SPARKLE.

Sp. Charles, Good morrow, hun-
ting a Proof thro' all its Majors and Mi-
nors

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Nors. — Oh ye Muses! — Ovid! what
in the name of Love, dost thou do with
that old Detcher?

Nov. He suits the tone of my Soul.

Spa. The tone of your Soul! by the
Zodiac his Complexion's altered since I
saw him last, he looks as dejected as a
Cock in rainy weather, if you want Coin
command it, Has't seen a Ghost in the
shape of a dun, or —

Nov. No such thing — If I let him
into the secret, he'll bell it all over the
Courts, however 'tis impossible to do
without him, — Ah Sparkle! — I've
seen an Angel, in the shape of a most
charming Woman, and am peremptori-
ly in Love, — when Love's in the Case.
the Doctor's an Ass.

Spa. I'll swear if the Doctor's one, the
Patient is another.

Nov. Allow'd, Love makes us all
Asses, but however be my Friend in this
amour, — you can serve me.

Spa. Bar pimping, that's beneath the
Dignity of the Gown.

Nov. No Sparkle! no such matter,
my Mistress is a star of the first magni-
tude.

Spa. A planet, I dare say, a Wande-
rer, a Peripatetic and thou hast mista-
ken

ken her for a fixt star. she has her retrograde motion, I warrant her, leave this star-gazing in Love, or you may be nick'd as I was. Mine prov'd a comet with a fiery Tail, take care Boy, look before you leap, perhaps this mare has been padding on the high road, and where dwells this wonder, this angel, as near her native skies as possible in some garret nine story high.

Nov. So now he's in for't, the Devil won't get him out.

Spa. Or some painted waiting maid, whom thou hast seen in her Mistress's cast suit in the Middle Gallery.

Nov. Come, come, enough,—you've an excellent talent.

Spa. Let's know who she is, if she's a whore, I know 'em ab ovo, usque ad Mala. — from the kept Miss in the Lattice to the Oyster wench under the Piazzas.

Nov. Not a syllable, you're not serious enough for a secret at present.

Spa. Come, forgive me, 'tis my humour, I'm penitent as a wench in Flannels.

Nov. Or a Rake in a consumption.

Spa. Or a new married Wife in her first Labour.

Nov.

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Nov. Aye, and when the fit's over
begin the next moment.

Spa. Come, confide in me.

Nov. No, no, thy word is worn and
crack'd like a bad sixpence, and has
been pawn'd as often as your books.

Adieu, till Night. *Exit Novice.*

Spa. Fare thee well, puling Dover, and
if this canting amour of thine happen
to lay out a Scene for my satyr—Ex-
pect as little Mercy, as a conquer'd fort
which refus'd to surrender on Terms.

SCENE II.

Lady Manual's House.

Aura with a Letter, *Minx* attending.

Aur. 'Tis *Meth's* hand, send it back
unopen'd what can the wretch say to
justify himself.

Minx. I hope the Sex's curiosity won't
tempt her to try—perhaps—he offers
a plea for his conduct or a submission.

Aur. O plea! that can but aggravate his
Crime, and for submission, 'tis an old
trick of his to offend and submit.

Minx. 'Tis the height of his Love.

Aur. The extreme of virtue is a vice,
and the farther we go from the medium,
the nearer we go to the opposite, a Jealous
Man is as far from true love, as a
Jea-

Jealous Bigot from true Religion and Enthusiasm in both is either a Design or a Weakness, Folly or Knavery.

Min. Why truly Ma'am in my low conception, a Jealous Lover, is either diffident of himself or his Mistress.

Aur. And you deny'd him admittance.

Min. Yes Ma'am *(a knocking)*

Aur. See who's that, and remember not to admit him or any message from him. *Exit MINX.*

Aur. Ungenerous Merit, this diffidence of me, is an impeachment of my Honour,——I hate authority in a Lover.

Re. Enter MINX with Miss FANNY

Fan. Your Servant Ma'am.

Aur. Oh sweet Mrs. Fanny, you keep your word finely.

Fan. Sweet Lady,——your Pardon a Myriad of times, but I was so harass'd this week, with mourning for the Queen.

Aur. But what news in the Town?

Fan. The eyes of the Town are fix'd upon you and Mr. Merit.

Aur. And what does the Town say?

Fan. Forgive me, if I tell truth, for I abominate Glossing over a thing.

Aur. Any thing to me.

Fan. Then the Town condemns you and

and pities Merit.

Aur. How for

Fan. Forgive parrables,—they look upon Merit, as upon a Sailor, who on his return from abroad, finds his Wife marry'd to another husband.

Aur. Then I'm an adulteress in Love, the reflections on the Wife fall to my share.

Fan. You've cut it out.

Aur. Pray where did the sagacious Town know of any such inviolable engagements between Mr. Merit and me.

Fan. So they interpret — but sure my Lady Fargone sent me her Mantua to let it out.

Aur. Does she swell then?

Fan. As if she had eat Ratsbane, Lord! how this Matrimony spoils the shape of a Woman, before she was marry'd, Madam Bungy's Necklace woud go twice round her waste, and now twon't go once — these same husbands are rank poison to a woman of quality.

Aur. But in a siege, child one must eat carrion or starve.

Fan. Faith in a close siege, 'tis hard to hold out. — but what dy'e think of your godly Sister, My Lady Manual? there's a Lucrece, a Susanna.

Mm.

Min. A Jezabel——a Cleopatra——a
Messalina——if you knew all (*aside*)

Fan. She'd starve before she'd surren-
der, she'd die a martyr to Continence.

Min. Then she'd choose stoning, I'll
swear. (*aside*)

Fan. But we frail ones——

Aur. We! Fanny, Quarter if you
please, speak for yourself.

Fan. Why faith I believe, your'e no
Conjuror, I hope you've made no rash
Oaths to keep Lent, take care, least your
Teeth should water at a good Joint.

Aur. One would think you had tasted
the forbidden Fruit, your eyes are open-
ed so.

Fan. Faith I can't promise,——I dont
know what I should do if I met with that
serpent Man in a longing humour, I'm
Eve's own Daughter, my dear Lady,
now don't you think that the Devil
would have gone off with a flea in his
Ear, if he had not my lady's blessing, in-
stead of your frail Grandam Eve,——Ha!
——ha!——ha!——

Aur. What a fancy thou hast girl,——
but 'tis hard dealing with the Devil,
especially a cunning Devil——that knows
the blind side of a Woman but here's my
Sister, she'll preach a sermon and I'm
not

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Not so godly dispos'd at present.

[*Exeunt AURA and FANNY.*]

Enter Lady MANUEL.

L. Man. Well, my plenipo, what answer from the court of Love?

Min. He'll make a personal treaty with your Ladyship in the evening and is preparing his spiritual garb.

L. Man. Will my sister go out this Evening?

Min. Yes Ma'm, My Lord waits on her to the new-play, our project takes finely, the servants are frighted out of their wits, the fit comes on as regularly ev'ry night, as a tertian ague.

L. Man. Has he appeared often to em?

Min. Yes every evening almost,

L. Man. Has Aura been alarm'd?

Min. Ma'am, I order'd the servants not to tell her a word of it, for fear it should terrify her, so that all the'r hopes are in you to lay it, and I could take upon me to promise on your part.

L. Man. Off then with the Masque, Love I am wholly yours, my dear Minx. what is a woman without a Gallant?

Min. And a confidant. — we are the

C

very

very Decanters of the Ladies, if they're muddy,—'tis racking off into us, and they look as clear as rock-water.

L. Man. Ay Minx, there's nothing like carrying on an Intrigue under the veil of Religion, like those who pass on others for honest Men, only to be made Guardians to their Children.

Min. Witness the Song, 'tis most apropos if your Ladyship will hear it.

L. Man. I'm all attention.

SONG.

[By Minx.]

The airy Coquette

Like a Swordsman unskill'd,

Lies open to every pass of the foe
By numbers attack'd she quickly
must yield

But with the Prude the case is not so.

She's still on her guard

The Enemy's fear'd

While they think, not their skill

Not their Courage will do

They ne'er can disarm her

Her Virtue's her Armour

Tho' often she gets

The more thrusts of the two.

L. Man.

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L. Man. The Song is just, and has a
 ring in the tail.
 Thus we'll sport in constant Mas-
 querade
 Nor know the bitters of the Marriage
 Bed,
 Yet taste it's sweets, thus cautiously we
 rove
 Enjoying still the carnival of Love.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

(FANNY'S Lodgings)

FANNY and her Maid at work.

Maid. But do you know his Name,
 Ma'am?

Fan. Yes,——his Name is Novice, I've
 known him by sight a long time; tho'
 he's a stranger to my life and conver-
 sation, I've struck deep——and am vain
 beyond measure, if he does'nt love me,
 I know he intends me a Visit one way or
 other, so you see, I design to pass for
 Quality, by borrowing these Lodgings,
 the spring has been long laid, and I'm
 sure of my game.

Maid. Is he tame or wild?

Fan. One of those Canary birds of the
 College.

C 2

Maid.

Maid. But is he worth this expence and trouble, there are a great many canary birds and owls in the College, but few gold finches, Ha!—ha!—ha!

Fan. Never doubt me, my conquest is like that of Mexico and all your gold.

Maid. But how will you come off with Mr. Sparkle.

Fan. Faith now you mention him, Novice, is his chum, I've heard Sparkle often name him, so we must keep him out of the Secret.

Maid. Since you're kept by Mr. Sparkle, how will you satisfy him, if you succeed with Novice?

Fan. Disband him, — sure he can have no demand on me, when marry'd tho' he may now, he keeps me.

Maid. What Ma'am dy'e intend to carry the point so far as Matrimony?

Fan. Faith to be sure, if I can.

Maid. But when he discovers the cheat?

Fan. What then, a trick of the sex, no Woman can be blam'd for bettering herself if she can, a seperate maintenance not worst.

Maid. Bless me, here's somebody — Oh tis Mr. Sparkle.

Enter

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[Enter SPARKLE.]

Spa. Hey, dey, what innovation in the state is this? I enquir'd for you at your Lodgings, but you were fled, E'gad my dear you've a delicious taste, but whisper, these are fine Rooms, but in your Ear—a little of the haut gout for my palate, i'gad, in so forth Child, I hope you don't intend to change your Man with your Lodgings.

Fan. No by my virginity.

Spa. Swear by what you have, or I shan't believe you.

Fan. 'Tis the fashion to swear by what one has'nt, the great Man swears upon his honour, the lawyer upon his conscience, when neither of them have either; as to the Lodgings they were lent me by a Lady of my acquaintance, who is gone to the Country, — so that 'twill save, instead of add to your Expence; see now, how kind I am—why observe him, if he once offer'd to kiss me, since he came in. To kiss your own Fanny Nanny.

Spa. Then all in one I've brought you Love and Money, here's a bill, my life's — won't a bill for this?—and kiss with a Guinea and all's your own (sings) I must get your receipt child.

C 3

Fan.

Fan. A receipt sparkey?

Spa. Yes Fanzzy, away to Love's Office
I've Pen and Ink.

Fan. And I have Paper.

Exeunt SPA and FAN.

[Maid alone]

And so have I, if I had any one to scribble, — well I'm in a pure humour for fingering and sealing. I could make a conveyance purely, if I had any one to draw it, I'm ready cut and dry for a superscription, to be sure this is no better than tantalizing to toy in one's hearing, and when one knows it, one can't help thinking of it, I shall spoil my work with conceptions and Ideas—oh gad—I can't bear it, (*throws away her work*) and yet if any one should offer to kiss me before her she'd be so jealous, I wish some good natur'd Gentleman knew the taking I'm in,—oh dear my breath grows as short as a summer's night.

Oh dear, oh dear, I can no longer bear it
What Woman can stand by and overhear it.

Exit.

SCENE IV.

(Lady MANUAL'S House)

Enter L. MANUAL AGRA and MINX.

Min. I beg pardon for my groundless

surmise, but finding such a book by your
bed side, I couldn't but suspect you to be
the courteous reader, you know sister,
between ourselves the sex is guilty of too
much frailty that we suspect each other
of the weakness in our own breasts.

L. Man. Christianity obliges me, to
forgive you, but I thought myself an
exception to that general imputation of
the sex, I thought I had try'd myself that
my conduct was out of the reach e'vn of
a bare surmise.

Mrs. And where were the breach of it
to read a tender love poem, nay 'tis
this extreme severity of yours that arms,
singularity ever attracts the observation
and suspicion of the world, for the De-
vil you know took the most engaging
form to tempt Woman, and I think such
Spartan virtue, and so much youth and
beauty are incompatible, like a hard
frost in July, why should the severity
usurp the throne of beauty, was so rich
an ore, and so extraordinary a Coin
made to be a pocket piece, no, sister let
us not mistake our selves or the ends of
our creation.

L. Man. You preach fine doctrine
it wou'd suit the hundreds of Drury well,
but not a virtuous mind, so I suppose
you'd

you'd have me do like Canon, the athenian general, put no enclosures about my lands and gardens, but leave 'em open for man and beast.

Aur. No, but I would not have you raise the enclosures so high as to spoil the prospect, well sister, tho' I'm serious, to be more so, let me put one question to you, do you never intend to marry,

L. Man. Never.

Min. Never I'll swear for her while she can whore without it, my lady fights without a commission (*aside*)

L. Man. There is such certain danger in the married state and so little real happiness, that I can never think of changing a state in which I enjoy the most amiable life.

Min. I commend your notion faith (*aside*)

Aur. What d'ye think of love, were you never in love?

L. Man. I never encourag'd its addresses, I knew they must have a criminal tendency, since I never design'd to marry.

Aur. But sure you may make even this single life more agreeable, by sharing the harmless pleasures.

L. Man. What you call pleasures, Virtue

tue and Philosophy, have taught me to think vanities and trifles, pleasures are but the baits of vice, like a masquerade to an intrigue, and I'm so much in love with virtue and religion that I'd fly the world to enjoy 'em in solitude.

Min. How morally she plays the hypocrite. (*aside*)

Aur. And why don't you go into a nunnery?

Min. She has'nt a bit of nun's flesh about her. (*aside*)

L. Man. I don't like their religion, nor their priests, women may be nuns at home, 'tis the natural mind, not the particular place which sanctifies the person, but when do you sail to the isle of matrimony, I hear that Mr. Merrit is arriv'd; Minx told me of the haughty letter he sent you.

Min. Well madam 'tis good to have two strings to one's bow, if one fails, the devil take the faller, — but here's my lord.

Enter Lord VAINPLOT.

Vain. A good even ladies, your pardon, — I hope I have not intruded on your private moments.

Aur. No, my lord, for the discourse just

just turn'd upon your lordship as you came in.

Vain. Happy my stars, my coming in so luckily, has thrown off a great deal of railery.

L. Man. No, my lord, if we could say any thing that would bear railery, we should be inclin'd to say it to your face rather than behind your back.

Vain. My face——good——why faith my face may be a good topic enough, Ha! ha! ha! tip top, but as for my back 'tis not crooked, I think, tho' I was born a lord.

Mrs. You're a Jophrister, my lord, my sister meant in your presence by your face.

Vain. Why then madam, as the word face, will bear two faces egad,—ma'am my face is your humble servant. The women have secrets of their own, which they won't discover in presence, but my lady Manual, I don't see you dress'd, I thought to have had the happiness of your hand.

L. Man. My sister's will be most agreeable, and I seldom or never go to a play.

Vain. But this is a new one.

L. Man. I should go the less, because having never read it, I expose my ear to the

the

the caprice of the author, and that is a hazard, for 'tis one in ten of them that's well bred.

Aur. But sister are you not Patriot enough, to encourage the manufacture of your country.

L. Man. The manufacture of wit is a dangerous one, pernicious to the honest trade of reason, and the superior commerce of the understanding; but when I consider that some poor family may be supported a week on that expence, which I give to one night's diversion, it stabs deep.

Min. My lady does not care to see her picture, 'tis the fear of satir, not of her modesty. (*aside*)

L. Man. While you're diverting yourselves there, I can be as agreeably entertained with some good sermon.

Min. Sermon quotha! Rochester's poems sooner, you'll act a comedy of your own with as much humour as any actresses of 'em all, your middle gallery will be crowded my life on't.

Aur. Well my lord. while my sister is composing herself with Sherlock on Death we'll away to the scene of life.

L. Man. I wish you all a pleasant night.

Exit, L. Man.

Enter

(Enter a Servant.)

Serv. Ma'am the chairs are ready. *Exit.*

Aur. My lord, your pardon a moment
I'll wait on you instantly. *Exit.*

[Enter SHADOW disguised unseen.]

Sha. I've hit the minute, now if there's
any thing on the tapis, I shall discover
it. (*aside*)

Vain. Now fortune, favour my design,
this night shall crown my plot with joy.

Sha. What's that a plot, egad they're
at it.

Min. She's your own my lord, win her
and wear her, but are all things sure and
ready for our expedition.

Vain. Every thing with infallibility.

Sha. Foregeorge, but I may super-
cede the Pope's Warrant. (*aside*)

Vain. The chairmen have their cue,
my horses are ready.

Min. And where do you carry her to
night.

Vain. Some miles from town, till I
oblige her to concede on my terms.

Min. Are your horses at your lodg-
ings?

Vain. Yes.

Sha. It shall be my care to seize 'em
for you. (*aside.*)

Vain.

A COMEDY,

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Vain. Get your mistress's things in readiness, and send 'em to my lodgings.

Min. Yes my lord.

Sha. So! so; blows the wind thus? I've no time to lose, I'll away to Merrit, with this packet, but my Lady Manual knows I'm come, and will be uneasy, faith in this crisis, my Mistress must give way to my friend.

Exit.

(Enter a Servant.)

Serv. My lord, her ladyship waits for you in the hall.

Vain. I attend her. (Exit. Servt.)

Affist me fortune in this masquerade
Let fortune favour and my fortune's
made.

Exeunt.

End of the second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE I. The Street.

[Enter NOVICE Running]

She's gone, I've lost her again, how the Devil did she get the turn of me! so here's a new impertinent.

Enter SPARKLE.

Spa. So, I have follow'd him so far unseen, he was giving chace to my little
D pri-

privateer, something 'twas his angel and his star and so forth this morning.

Nov. Sparkle where have you been rambling?

Spa. I'm going to the new play.—will you come?

Nov. Faith I'm upon a new play myself.

Spa. Tragedy or Comedy?

Nov. Comedy I hope.

Spa. Then it must conclude with a wedding.

Nov. I don't disapprove of the catastrophe, if my Mistress be worth that purchase, as I stood at the College gate I perceived my angel to pass by — I tuck'd up my gown thus—and I gave her chace, but before I knew where I was, whip she gives me the slip into some creek hereabouts.

Spa. By the Zodiac, 'tis my Fanny, sure enough—oh the cunning baggage, 'tis she cruising without my letter of mark, 'tis so, for here she lodges, by the laws of motion, I'll hamper him to some tune about this, He's a young raw fellow, and may ruin himself in such pursuits, therefore to sell him a little experience at the expence of a day's disquiet, would be acting the real friend. (*aside*)

Nov.

Nov. Why do you pause, Sparkle?

Spa. I'm considering who lives here, faith, I know one delicate creature lives in that house, she's a lady of singular virtue and good family, an orphan—but has no fortune,——whether 'tis the same you've seen, I can't resolve——what size is she of?

Nov. She's tall and finely shap'd, wears a cherry colour'd lutestring.

Spa. 'Tis she, the same, I know her by repute, and had once the favour of being in her company, she's perfectly well bred but you won't ruin yourself.

Nov. How Sparkle?

Spa. Take care my friend, she's a most engaging creature, yet the most coy, you can never address her but in an honourable way.

Nov. And what then? am I not my own master? by heaven——'tis well, she's worthy of an empire, has she no Fortune, that's better,——that I may give her one, this seems squar'd with my design.

Spa. It works rarely——I see he's resolved to carry points very far,—Marriage will be the goal, and I'll be superintendant, a sham one will do, both for his purpose and mine, and then like

vulcan I catch e'm in my nets — I'll give him a night's lodgings in my female tenement, which he shall pay most confounded rent for; well Novice, as I have some knowlege of this lady, put your amour into my care, and I shall conduct it to your satisfaction.

Nov. With pleasure, I accept of your service — who knows but she may go to the play.

Spa Go to the pit before me, and I shall bring you word for I can know in a second. (*Exit NOVICE*)

[SPARKLE alone]

Now will I go to give my Fanny a ticket — but she must not know my design, if Novice was'nt my friend I could do the wench good service, it was I first had her and I could now get her off my hands, but Novice is my friend, so far I'm acting his Varlet, his man shall do the Jobb, he'll make a good couple beggar the dog has a good serious phiz. *Exit.*

SCENE II.

Lady MANUAL'S Lodgings.

Enter Lady MANUAL and MANX.

L. Man. What could take Shadow away so suddenly? one would think he was

was a real spirit, to appear and vanish so extempore, but he may be in the next dark room.

Min. No ma'am, for the coachman told me he saw Mr. Spirit (as he calls him) whisk out of the house in the crack of a whip.

L. Man. Some extraordinary business sure, curs'd chance, to be foil'd in so lucky an opportunity.

Min. To be sure, he'll be here presently, how shall I be envying you your spiritual gallant, you'll prove he's flesh and blood,——I'll warrant,——now I think on't, I may chance to bear a chorus with your ladyship, the butler is so terrify'd that he'll keep me company, and thank ye too.

(a knocking)

L. Man. This may be Shadow, let some of the servants go, that he may snare them, I'll to my chamber, conduct him in.

[*Exeunt.*]

(Knocking continued)

Enter Butler and Coachman.

But. Nay squab, take thy horsewhip, and lace his anatomy for him.

Coach. Good Mr. Pinchcloth, go yourself, if the story be true of your encoun-

tring a Ghost in the wine Cellar, prove your courage now, besides you're a scholar, as they say, and know something of linguo's.

But. How the Ghost thumps — well hang all cowards say I — have at him if the latin will do, — spiritus duo sunt, lenis asper, two sorts of spirits civil one's and rough ones.

Coach. Nay he'll never stand you. [*Exeunt*
[*Enter* Shadow, he crosses over to Lady Manual's Chamber.]

Min. In, in, Sir, my lady waits for you.

Re - Enter Butler.

But. The devil take my courage indeed, I shant bear the sight of a churchyard this twelvemonth, I must be shaking hands with Ghosts truly, and corresponding with folks of another world, If ever I depend upon lingo, the devil lingo and lango me.

Min. Dear me, and alas! how pale he is, why you are as white as your tablecloth, have you seen the spirit?

But. Seen him! ay, ay, by the de'el and felt him too, seen him, quotha, ay, with a witness, sign'd with his own hand, If I shan't have the mark of his five fingers

gers I'm not flesh and blood,——length and breadth with a hand like a nota bene in a book, or a glover's sign; I believe he was a schoolmaster in his time, and forsooth he thought I had forgot that the name of a hand in latin was Manus, so he whispered it into my ears most methodically.

Min. Lad, he skudded by me, as quick as a debtor by his creditor's door on a week day, and smelt as strong of brimstone as a beau in the itch, or Doll the Match woman——I believe he's an evil spirit.

But. I know he bore an evil grudge to poor Jack Pinchcloth that never deserv'd it of his hands, your good spirits are mighty civil bodies they say, they'll let you pat'em, like a spaniel, but a son of a deal board coffin, to knock me down, just for being so civil as to open the door for him, e'en let him be his own porter for the future, the devil take Jack if he budges for any such saucy stranger.

(Shadow appears)

Not but that I would let him in any time of the night o'ons d'ye see him.

(Shad retires)

I shake like a long semiquaver, and my teeth chatter like a pair of casnets, or
a school

a school boy's drum bones——he's gone
and the devil go along with him

(Shad appears)

good luck, and happiness I mean, for
he's a very civil spirit (Shad retires)

Min. Lud, how you chang'd colour.

But. The devil take him, that woud'nt
change skin too, even with a cat, for
what could he have of a cat but her skin,
my blood's all in a ferment.

Min. Then your blood's up indeed,
but I'll swear not in your face.

But. I know my heart's up to my
mouth, I thought I should have chew'd
it; what the devil does he haunt me
for?

Min. Feel how my heart beats, I shall
be afraid to be alone, they say these evil
spirits so punch one at night.

But. Ecod, I could find in my heart to
lye with you then.

Min. But you'll promise to do nothing
to me.

But. No, no, I shall have no great
genius that way to night.

Min. Then I sh'ant care for your
company (*aside*) but should I sleep you
won't be uncivil.

But. No, no.

Min. No, but if I sleep, —— I'd have
you

A COMEDY, 45

you keep me awake you may give me a pull by the coat, but no further.

But. A pull by the coat——no further no, no,——and suppose I should bring a flask of old hock and a pack of cards, we can play my lady's hole to waste the night.

Min. But remember if the wine should overcome me, you must'nt impose on my weakness, nor be pulling up one's clothes, you must not be so curious as to see what stuff my dickey's made of, you won't put your minute hand to the clock of my stocking for fear when it comes to the hour it should strike.

But. Mighty well, (*a knocking*) hift! hift!——the spirit's abroad, but there he may knock, till he gets young devils ay, ay, break your knuckle bones, I wish the young collegian was here, he'd lay you.

(TEAGUE without)

Tea. De dioulle tawk your dear honeys indeed, to keep a shauntleman stand knocking —— by de pope, I beliefs the housh is gone abroad and won't answer, uboo! housh! housh!

Min. This may be some stranger. *Exit.*

But. 'Tish't safe to stand in the passage

sage, for fear of the second part of the tune, I conceit I smell——ay, ay,——I see the glimpse of his rib-bones. (*runs out*)

Re-enter MINX with TEAGUE.

Tea. Arrah! dear joy, let me kiss your sweet faith, she smells so sweet as a hay stack.

Min. Your'e welcome Mr. Teague, and how dv'e like to travel.

Tea. La! la!——betwixt and between as fair as a turnpike road, but Teague does'nt care for these words; to be put into pickle like sous'd tripes, or a skin in a tan-pit.

Min. Or to be put into a wooden box, and be shook about like a child's penny in his christmas box.

(*Butler preeps and Enters*)

But. But is it you, welcome my dear Rap.

Tea. Ten thousand welcomes.

But. Your'e no man of your word, you promis'd to write to us.

Tea. Upon my shoulwashion, you excuse me wrongfully, I wrote to you an Epistle by word of mouth next point and put

put it into de posht office, de night after I came away, 'twill follow me in de packet boat dear shoy, for I left word in de posht-script.

But. Here's sad doings Teague, in our house, 'tis haunted.

Tea. Upon my shoul Teague vill kill de spirit for you.

But. How can that be? when the spirit was dead before.

Tea. Arra: I tell you,——I'd dead him behind, and den he'll be dead all over, arra: dere now.

But. Ay, but the spirit's dead already.

Tea. Den he's de more easier kill'd

But. Nay if you want spirit fighting you shall have as much for nothing as another shall give you for sixpence.

Tea. Upon my shoul dat's as cheap as a broken head at a hat fight.

But Go up that stair case, and if he does not give you a bargain, I'll pay you the overplus. *(Exit. TEAGUE.)*

Min. This clown will disturb my lady. *(runs out)*

But. Pox, I'm alone again. *Exit.*

[*Re-enter TEAGUE advancing*]

(Shadow advancing)

Tea. Arra dear joy stand still——pooh upon

upon my shawlvaſion I believe he's travelling to purgatory I wiſh I was at ſhea in a ſtorm' vil gelun a gud?

Sha. Teague.

Tea. Teague, aderſha! how comes Teague and you ſho vel acquainted, ſat news from St. Patrick, did he ſhend any ſharviſhes or tokens to Teague.

Sha. This rascal's couragious ſimplicity will diſcover me, if I don't fright him. *(aſide)*

Tea. Fat name upon you, are you an Eeriſhman dear ſhoy?

(Shadow pulls out a piſtol and fires at Teague who drops down as dead.)

Shadow retires.

Enter BUTLER.

But. Poor Teague, he has made thee a ſpirit.

Tea. By my ſhoul that's no lee. *(to himſelf)*

But. Let's ſee is he wounded?

Tea. Ohone! de ſhpirit is'nt ſatiſſaction vid killing me but he muſt ſhee de vound. *(to himſelf)*

But. His heart beats.

Tea. 'Tis for fear den, and 'tis vell if I haſh'nt

I hash'nt done something elsh beshides.

(to himself)

But. Teague, Teague, he's not dead.

Tea. That's a damn'd fib, ash if a body did'nt know feder he vash dead.

But. Teague.

Tea. Your damn'd great vid Teague af'ter murd'ring him, if the vas gone I'd make affidovy upon him.

But. Are you asleep?

Tea. Ohone, I'm dead to my grief, I wish dey'd come and bury me.

But. Rise man.

Tea. Upon my shensation, I believe I'm alive, (*peeps*) Arra, Jack, is dat you? (*rises*) I was in a profound transh, I saw all purgatory shince, shook hands vid St. Paddy, my Coushin in Law, and kish't my shaint's foot.

But. I heard the shot go off.

Tea. Chot! by my brogues, dey were bullets, see de two holes in boat my two yearsh, — dey vent thro' and 'true, he vash only shoaking upon me, but may be he'd be after shoaking upon me in good Earnest, if I sh'tay, I'll go look for my Maishter.

Exit.

But. And I for my Mistrefs.

Exit.

E

SCENE

Lady MANUAL'S Chamber.

Enter Lady MANUAL and SHADOW.

L. Man. Bless me, I sha'nt recover myself readily.

Sha. Did the shot fright you, I was but giving him an anticipation of Purgatory, 'twas the least Revenge I cou'd take for the Interruption of my Pleasure.

L. Man. Well this Amour of mine is mighty romantic, not unlike that of Ixion's, what do I embrace but a Shadow.

Sha. But faith, my dear Lady, you enjoy the substance too, I do look Elysian, as if I'd slip'd my leg out of my Tomb, what is this world but a Masquerade, the town whose masques like a shepherd's, and Priapus in lawn wears the gown to hide his incontinence, since double dealing now is modern Fashion, since all the world have at least two strings to their bow, why should we miss our aim, in having but one plain dealing, and honesty be the Tradesmen's string, the voice of quality can't reach it, 'tis a note too low, the courtezan in the boxes shall put up her fan at a double Entendre, when the country girl in the gallery sha'nt understand it.

L. Maⁿ.

A COMEDY, 51

L. Man. Prithee where does this satyr tend?

Sha. Egad for ourselves my dear Lady, I play with our own follies as a Cat with her own tail.

L. Man. Then for the future, play with your own, and let mine alone.

Sha. That's good faith, she'd be dam'nd angry, if I should now (*aside*) come then my dear Lucrece, my lovely Prude, the banquet of love waits us, the cloth's laid, and little Cupids beek us into supper.

L. Man. I shoud'nt wonder if 'twas cold, you've said so long a grace to it.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

[The Street.]

Enter NOVICE and SPARKLE.

Nov. And thus my scheme's laid, Var-let shall pursue me into her Lodgings, the hazard of my liberty, of being taken, will be an apology for the liberty I take, my case will draw her pity, and her pity will grant me protection.

Spa. A very good Climacterick——so, go on.

Nov. Then with a few brilliant fen-

E 2

tences

tences, of 'scaping one bondage and running into another, of leaping out of the frying pan into the fire, and so-forth, I hope to get into her good graces.

Spa. Thou hast a rare head for horns (*aside.*) and then.

Nov. And then, I may offer to ask her is she marry'd and proceed regularly, like a Chancery suit, with answers and rejoinders.

Spa. I hope twon't be as tedious as a Chancery suit.

Nov. No faith, I intend to make it as short as a jacket suit, egad, to night if she will—'tis fix'd.

Enter VARLET.

So, have you got the staff, and soforth.

Var. Yes Sir.

Nov. Yery well, go with Sparkle and follow his directions.

Spa. By the marrow-bones, you intend to make a short siege on't.

Nov. Nothing like it, expedition is the Life of Bufiness.

In love and war still Expedition carries
For in an instant, fickle Fortune varys
With haste and boldness must the fair be
won

A Woman's taken like a garrison.

Exeunt.

A COMEDY,
ACT IV.

58

SCENE I.

FANNY's Lodgings,

Enter FANNY and MAID.

Fan. Ah! my Soul, how the Poet display'd the Whores of the Town in what odious Colours, did he set out those filthy Creatures.

Maid. Faith that's good of her, who is as errant a whore as any of 'em all.

(aside)

Fan. What, I warrant you wonder to hear me rail at the word whore, but sure the Epidemic strumpet, that's as common as Thomas-street, on a Market day, or Stephen's green on a Sunday, is a vile commodity to us courtezans of quall. a kept Miss, is like a pocket piece, whose value consists of its being rare, while they, like the common coin circulate ev'ry where.

Maid. Ay madam, but I've known you to pass that rare Pocket piece.

Fan. Yes, when I wanted change, wench, ay prithee sing us that song about the kept Miss, and the commoner.

E 2

SONG

THE PRUDE,
SONG

By MAID.

Thro' all the Employments of Life.

In different stations of Life
One Whore still abuses the other
Thi's Whores in the sphere of a wife
Yet rails like a Whore at another.

The kept Miss, calls the common
a Whore

Thus about the same word they contend
For if we the matter explore
We find 'em all Whores in the end.

Fan. Aye! the Devil and the Collier.

Maid. Was there much company Mam.

Fan. Yes, a very full house, and among
the rest Novice and Sparkle! hift! I hear
some one running up I believe 'tis Spar-
kle, (*Enter Novice*) Defend me heaven
a stranger.

Nov. Excuse this presumption madam
a crew of Hell-hound Tip-staffs, have
haunted me thro' the City, my good for-
tune has thrown me into your Lodgings.

Fan. This must be a stratagem (*aside*)
since chance fir, has directed you to this
asylum keep it, my maid shall conduct
you

A COMEDY, 53

you till the pursuit's over, in fir, for I hear some persons coming up.

Exit. NOVICE and MAID.

This is all a plot to see me, and I will make use of it to my advantage, We must make hay when the sun shines, if I can hook him in to a thought of Matrimony, I'll improve it, a moment lost and that moment may discover.

Enter VARLET (as a Constable)

I don't know this Person, — this seems to be a real pursuit, what rudeness this to enter a Woman's Lodgings this time of night.

Var. Your Pardon Madam, did'nt a man run in here?

Fan. Not here fir, I assure you, you've mistaken the house (*VARLET looks about*) nay this is ill manners.

Var. I'll go no further, your Pardon Ma'am, but I shall catch my rogue, (*to them without*) Hech! — Setter look to the door, good night Mistress. (*Exit. VAR.*)

Fan. Lock the door, girl, (*to the maid*) fir you may come out.

Nov. Heav'n! how fair! Madam this goodness of your's almost equals your beauty, and where both meet they must produce respect and wonder.

Fan.

Fan. Sir, they've beset the door, and I can't be so cruel as to turn you out, nor do I know how to entertain you.

Nov. Your goodness makes me blush, but your beauty makes me love.

Fan. Sir, you're welcome without compliments.

Nov. By all that's lovely, you're above all compliment, fortune led me here, to procure my liberty, and I live to lose it, may I be so bold as to ask one question?

Fan. You may sir.

Nov. Are you marry'd

Fan. I didn't promise to answer, but to satisfy you, no.

Nov. Then Madam, I'm happy, and now 'tis in my power to prove this love as true, as sudden, — my passion the very echo of your beauty.

Fan. And like your echo, meer air.

Nov. If your Affection is not pre-engaged, here is a person and fortune devoted to you.

Fan. Sir, I'm a Woman.

Nov. A goddess, thy temple gave me protection, and thou art the fair Inhabitant.

Fan. What mean you, sir? by this sudden extravagance?

Nov. To love, adore.

SCENE II.

A COMEDY, 57
SCENE II.

The Street.

(Enter MERRIT and WATCHMAN.)

Mer. You've posted your posse within call.

Watch. I warrant Master he carrys no Heirefs from us to night.

Mer. So, now, let us assume thy Authority, (*they change Clothes*) now lend me thy pole, a good walking stick.

Watch. It serves me in a double capacity, it helps me up, and others down on occasion, it helps me out of the gutter, and others into it, but by the moon, I cut a great dash — ay, fine feathers make fine birds why now you're no more like the Gentleman you were just now, than I was like the Lord Mayor.

Mer. I do look something rusty, not unlike a Knight Errant, about to rescue a distress'd damsel.

Watch. Cheer up my Master, a faint heart never won a fair Lady.

Mer. I hope Aura will not know me in this disguise, by the help of which, I will deliver her from the English bite, confound the plots of Minx, and prove myself true and worthy her love, here comes

comes the chair, alarm your poffy,—stand aside there.

Aur. Help! help! a rape, a rape!

Vain. Help cannot hear you, love and fortune have put her out of the way.

(MERRIT comes forward)

Mer. Love and fortune are both blind, but help is not so deaf as you imagine, let go the lady, or——

Vain. Zounds peasant! you li, *(throws money)* pocket that affront.

Mer. In thy face, Villian.

Vain. Ha! struck by a scoundrell *(drums)*
(Merrit knocks his sword down and seizes him)

Mer. Here, watch seize him. *(they seize him)*

Vain. Do you know me Peasants, I'm a lord.

Watch. Lord or beggar, you're our prisoner, you mustn't lord it here.

Vain. Out, out, thou strumpet fortune damn'd chance to be thus spoil'd, This is the traytreff Minx.

Aur. Ha!——Minx!——is she in the plot? my Lord I thank you for your intentions, but that I tremble so, I cou'd insult.

Vain. Spare your insults, and to mortify your vanity, know, that my designs were against your fortune not your person.

son, tho' this night I wou'd have enjoy'd the one, only to make sure of the other.

Mer. Watch keep him in close custody, till further Orders, Watch——away with him.

Exeunt WATCH.

Aur. Good Mr. Watchman how shall I ever make you a return, I'm a Woman of some Quality and therefore demand any thing that is in my power.

Mer. Madam, your offer is so kind, that I take you at your word, gold I despise,——but on your compliance to the request I shall make, depends my welfare, 'Tis but lately I turn'd Watchman to live, I liv'd with a Lady, who is your intimate friend and kinswoman whom I serv'd faithfully, I was call'd into the Country; in my absence, my Lady's woman accus'd me of crimes I never knew, when I return'd, I waited on my Mistress, she refused me admittance, I wrote to her. my letters was sent back with scorn, another servant was put in my place, thro' the Intrigues of my lady's Woman, I know my lady's prejudic'd and misinformed, for she's a Person of most inviolate honour and great humanity, cou'd I thro' your means, be introduced to her I know I cou'd persuade her of my truth and be reinstated.

Aur.

Aur. Who is the Lady.

Mer. You know her as well as you do yourself, permit me only to wait on you in the morning and I shall let you know more.

Aur. Assure yourself, that my Interest shall plead as strongly for you, as if 'twas my own case.

Mer. How little, she'll suspect it is the charming Woman. (*aside*)

Aur. I believe 'tis late.

Mer. Madam, I shall see you safe home.

Aur. I give you a great deal of trouble.

Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

(Lady MANUAL'S House)

Enter MINX.

Min. I'm surpriz'd I don't hear from my lord, I hope he hasn't met with any rub, — and yet I fear he has by his not sending for Aura's Clothes, hift! some one knocks, 'tis from my lord I hope.

Exit.

(*Enter AURA with a Candle*)

Aur. Oh! what dangers have I escap'd to night, — Minx is amaz'd, as well she might

might at my return, she thinks I'm gone to bed, and methought she seem'd in confusion about something else, one plot generally stops another, I hear feet coming this way, — out light, — darkness may discover, as 'tis the cloak of conspiracy.

(Enter MINX groping in the dark)

Min. Who's there. *(softly)*

Aur. Hift, 'tis I! — where's Aura.

Min. Is that my lady Manual?

Aur. Yes

Min. Oh Madam, what shall we do, Aura has lock'd all the doors, and is gone to bed in the oddest humour, how shall we dispose of Mr. Shadow?

Aur. Ha! Shadow! — is it to my godly sister? what shall we do with him, can't he lie with you to night.

Min. With me, lie with me — thank you for that, I don't like your scrapes, all lean and no fat, — very good — first to drain the cup, and then drink your service to me, faith I love the first cup, and then drink your service to me, faith I love the first cut of the Loaf as well as your Ladyship — No; no, give me a fellow brimful of spirits like your Ladyship's brandy bottle; a bumper lad, and

F

I'M

I'll squeeze him to the last drop my life on't, I fear you've made him a ghost, you've laid him in the bottomless pit I'll swear.

Aur. What does she mean? by all this jargon, I must carry on the cheat to come to the bottom of this (*aside*) Where's Shadow?

Min. He's at the street door, waiting to get out.

Aur. Bring me to him. *Exeunt.*

Re-enter AURA leading in SHADOW, MINX attending.

Aur. This way sir, (*leads him to the light*) ye powers a ghost!

Sha. The devil, Aura! Zounds 'tis all discover'd Minx is a traytress.

Min. Oh the devil, my Mistress Aura.

Aur. Yes, thou bosom snake,——you thought I should be safe stow'd to night with your Lord,——you devil,——as for you Mr. Shadow, you have deceiv'd me as well as my sister. *Exit. MINX.*

Sha. Faith Madam! 'twas not my fault to be with a fine woman if she lets me.

Aur. Sir, I always esteem'd you a gentleman, and hope you'll act as such by my sister, whom you have dishonour'd.

Sha. How madam?

Aur.

Aur. Make her honest by marriage.

Sha. Faith madam, there needs no compulsion on my side, I love your sister, and am assur'd she loves none but me, my fortune's slender, and I should easily consent to take so much beauty, with such a fortune to my arms,—but to her consent.

Aur. You shall have it, leave it to me, as you've my sister's honour in your charge be tender of it.

Sha. As ever.

Aur. Now you act like the Gentleman I esteemed you, 'tis very late and I shall expect you with impatience in the morning.

Sha. Good night madam.

Aur. Good night sir. [Exit Shadow.]
ye powers do I dream, or are the adventures of this night real, my sister's such an abandon'd wretch, lost to all sense of virtue, solve the doubt good heav'n! for with senses seemingly awake I scarce can credit it.

Oh! why should vice thus speak with virtue's mouth

Or why should falshood, wear the garb of truth

Yet heav'n charge mankind guilty.

Distinguish right from wrong, or Gods
excuse
Deluded mortals when the wrong they
chuse. *Exit AURA.*

SCENE IV.

The Street.

[Enter SPARKLE in the Constable's Dress.]

Spz. Tis done by Hymen—they're fast
at least they think so, each party is con-
tented, tho' both deceiv'd, she thinks she
has got a good fortune, he a maiden head,
this World's a cheat, every man in it
thinks his neighbour a fool and himself
the greater wifeling, tho' while he is
picking another man's pocket he's robb'd
himself, thus I, like Democritus, laugh
most philosophically at the follies of man-
kind, something 'twas made Fanny take
these new lodgings—she expected an In-
vasion, and was resol'd to be prepared
but here comes our sanctified couple Beg-
gar, Varlet by name and by nature.

(Enter VARLET like a Parson) Well firrah,
I saw all.

Var. And I shall be hang'd.

Spz. Never fear, I shall bring you all

off.

Var.

Var. O! my soul fir, I can't bear plunging into sin, my conscience kicks at it like a young Colt the first time of shoeing.

Spa. 'Twas necessary that the counterfeit should act counter to the reality, else for a trifle, wou'd one of those Religious muck-worms, tie th' indissoluble knot and hang him for life, but here comes a Watchman, he makes up to us.

(Enter MERRIT as a Watchman) dam'n the rogue, I hope he won't be impertinent.

Mer. Who are these now, I wish this disguise fairly off, and I can't find the fellow to get my Clothes.

Spa. Good morrow Watchman.

Mer. Morrow.

Spa. What's o' Clock?

Mer. Past two, time for every honest man to be in bed and not cabal in the streets; I must presume upon my authority. *(aside)*

Spa. We were only at a neighbour's wedding.

Mer. And what occasion had you for that staff at a wedding?

Spa. I'm a Constable, and carry'd it with me to keep the peace.

Mer. What the deuce, did you suppose the new married couple would go to

Loggerheads so soon? but who the devil's here a conjurer?

Var. So now all will out, I shall be hang'd without benefit of the Clergy, I've been acting the part of hang-man and am in a fair way of being truss'd up myself for my pains: pox of his lanthorn, like truth, it shines in the face of hypocrisy.

(*aside*)

Spa. That honest Gentleman's a parson.

Mer. Hem: and what are you? here are ruffles, lac'd waistcoat, silk stockings and a greazy wrap rascal, are these the essentials to the dignity of a constable, (*opens him*) Sparkle! what man, masquerading?

Spa. Merrit! can it be? this rogue and I have been upon the oddest scheme to night, which I shall tell thee presently.

Mer. I shall let you know mine to morrow, but here comes Teague, who has been on the hunt for me all this day, stand aside and you shall see sport.

[*Enter TEAGUE.*]

Tea. Ohone! Teague is born to misfortunes, both by shea and land, my poor maister is kill'd, and thrown into some ditch for fen I vent home, de divole a one in the room, but nobody—sho, fen I vas dere alone vid myself and I, thinkish

thinkish I, if the shpirit shoud be after
haunting me, and shoot me dead, philli-
alu, de moment after I vash after taught-
ing it I hard a noish like a truckle upon
de pavement, about de floor, mew,
mew, flays it, the devil make strings of
your guts, dear shoys say I, to play Jack
latten vid me and be damn'd to your
troat; sho fen I wash after getting a can-
nell, tat vash it (arra guefs) but tyber de
great tabby cat vid his head in de cream
jugg, he make me shake like shol fa! but
fen 'twas after being over, I laugh'd till
I cry'd to shee push dancing a scotch
hornpipe to de tune of mew, mew, but
dish vas only de beginning of shorrow,
squeek sent the land lady below stairsh,
a ghost cries de maid, den I hearsh de
noish of a great pair of shack boots, dat
made de hough shake like a Quagmire,
coming up stairs into de room, fer I vash.
arrah! who should it be but de whoreshon
of a ghost dat shot me before, a de devil
a lee, out vent de cannell, and thanks to
my shaint, down vent my ghost vid a flea
in his ear, by my shoul St. Patrick but a
tink upon my pen cranuim, who knowsh
but dat vas my Mashter's ghost, dat came
to tell me he vash murder'd arrah! whosh

dat

dat coming yonder? by my brogue? tiff
my Mashter's own shelf.

(Enter Watchman in MERRIT'S clothes.)

Mer. Now observe. *(aside)*

Watch. I've been searching for the
Gentleman and can't find him to give
him his clothes.

Tea. Velcome home dear shoy, I taut
you vash dead *(starts)* pullalu: who the
devil are you in my Mashter's clothes?
you shon of a blunderbush my own
Mashter?

Watch. Death and the devil, this is the
Gentleman's Servant. *(aside.)*

Tea. You murder my Maishter and rob
him too, you Robber of de dead, did you
leave him naked too? for fear he should
catch cold, you shall be hang'd twish over
for murder and Robbery too.

*(Teague seizes him, throws him down and
goes to strip him)* upon my shoul, dear shoy
dere's an eerish trip for your consolation.

Enter MERRIT, SPARKLE and VARLET.

Watch. Robbery, robbery.

Tea. Murder, call de guard.

Mer. What's the matter, here, who
cries Robberry?

Watch. This fellow assaulted me in the
open streets,

Tea. Yes, you shon of a whore, I'll
shault

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shault you and pepper you too, he rob
my Maister, you robber, I'll shoke you
in de gullet shoy, and shave de hangman
the trouble, vil you give me ab'solution.

(to Varlet)

Mer. Teague! let go the man.

Tea. Uboob are you alive, in earnest
or shoking.

Mer. Come Watchman off with the
Enchantment, (they exchange Clothes) you
see Sparkle, how odly we drop our skins.

Tea. Arra fait in de devilish name, is
dat coming all to fight.

Enter SHADOW (disguised.)

By my Brogues, 'tish my old Acquain-
tance, de ghost dat chot me.

Sha. I've been at Merrit's Lodgings,
but coud'nt find him, I hope he has suc-
ceeded, but who are these I see, Teague,
damn the Rogue, he scents me, and will
discover me to these Watchmen.

(he presents at Teague)

Tea. Arra shoy, take care of de Trig-
ger.

(they observe Shadow)

Spa. More Masqueraders, who can this
be?

Mer. This is Shadow, who has just left
my Lady Manual. (aside)

Tea.

Tea. (to Varlet) Maisther Parson!
feresh your Manual, pull him out, shoy
and lay de ghost in de red shea.

Var. Ghost me! no Ghosts, I say.

(retires)

Tea. Pullah, a Priest afraid of a ghost.

Mer. Old Acquaintance, are you there,
come unveil yourself.

Tea. Do you deal vid de devil Maish-
ter?

Mer. Come Shadow, you're lucky,
we're all friends.

Spa. Shadow, what could bring thee
down among the dead men? thou walking
Anatomy, like the ribs of an unmounted
Fan.

Sha. Sparkle! what could bring thee to
the tipstaff, and your Rogue there to the
Parson? this is all a Masquerade, a
Watchman! a Ghost! a Catchpole, and
a Catch-devil.

Spa. Well let us all reserve our selves
adventures for the Coronation of a bot-
tle.

Mer. Tis broad day, and if Phoebus
should see us, he'll inspire some city bard
to lampoon us.

Spa. Twou'd be a second Metamor-
phosis.

Tea.

Tea. By mine shoul, I can't find out the
Concavity of all dish.

Mer. Thus love transforms us, to a
thousand shapes
Some change to Asses, others change to
Apes,
We wed and then the Metamorphose
ceases

Sha. Except a pair of Horns — the
Husbands graces. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

ACT V.

SCENE I.

(*A Street before FANNY'S Lodgings.*)

Enter NOVICE,

I've observed his motions, he's gone
up to my Wife's lodgings, oh he made
but a short stay, now shall I find his busi-
ness, Sir, sir, (*Enter a Bully*) a word with
you Sir, what carry'd you up to those
lodgings?

Bul. Zounds sir, my legs (*now seizes
him*) unhand me sir.

Nov. No sir, answer my question first.

Bul. Blood, youngster, I won't answer
any

any impertinent questions, till I know by what authority you ask them.

Nov. Answer fir.

Bul. O'ons fir, I won't answer a monosyllable to you nor any man that wears a head.

Nov. Or a foot Coward. *(kicks him)*

Bul. A kick! ye powers but still I'm calm.

Nov. As a town top whip'd to sleep by boys, but here's my commission, since you would see it *(presents a Pistol)* make good your claim to the lady or pop's the word.

Bul. Ha!—are you in earnest? are you courting that lady.

Nov. I want an answer, no questions, or at you by the laws of motion.

Bul. Blood fir, Amma! amma! as the Turks say, there's no law, for this, your messengers are in damn'd haste.

Nov. Ay! they long to travel.

Bul. The devil, they do, I'm no turnpike road sure,—I'm in such a tremble,

Nov. Do you dally then,——I'll fire by great Guns, if you don't answer.

Bul. O dear fir, I'll answer any thing *(kneels)* let me say an Ejaculation—mercy on a wicked finner.

Nov. Sir I'll wait no longer.

Bul.

Bul. O'ons fir. (*God forgive me for swearing.*)—*Nov.* Well fir, what business had you above.—*Bul.* Dear fir, take care of the trigger, for tho' you may have no intent to fire, the devil may,—who can pronounce a word while that Pistol fronts his teeth, my tongue is afraid to stir out of its trenches.—*Nov.* There fir, I draw off, now fir, your business.—*Bul.* Business!—*Nov.* Ay fir, business, why dost thou echo me?—*Bul.* O fir, I had then the business that all wicked men have with wicked women in a wicked way,—she's a whore.—*Nov.* Whore! Villain—this gives you the lie. (*presens.*)—*Bul.* Good fir, I lie in truth, I lie, she's as chaste as Ice, Lucrece was a harlot to her.—*Nov.* No draw backs fir.—*Bul.* Only your Pistol, dear fir.—*Nov.* My trigger Villain, the truth fir, kiss the book. (*presens.*)—*Bul.* Ay the devil, then as I'm a dying man, take care fir, I enjoy'd her totally, centrally, superficially, and reciprocally (*God forgive me.*) as often as my own wife, now I'm gone, oh! where am I.—*Nov.* Thunder and Lightning, 'tis too true.—*Bul.* I'm shot, I'm dead that's poz.—*Nov.* Begone Villain, far as the poles afunder.—*Bul.* I wish my pole was safe at least. (*aside.*)—*Nov.* Let me see your face no more.—*Bul.* I wish my back was secure, now if he does'nt shoot me flying

—ah! my back, I was sure I felt the ball. *Exit.* —*Nod.* Marry'd to a whore, as! hot love soon cools, honey month's soon over, and now comes gall and vinegar, bitters are good for a foul stomach, a whore — oh! damn her, damn her damn her. *Exit.*

SCENE II.

(*Lady, MANUAL'S house.*)
Enter Lady, MANUAL and AURA.

L. Man. Sister you're all goodness, I never knew you truly, nor myself 'till now, but now I see my crimes, which look black and sullied, by the lustre of your amiable qualities. — *Aur.* I glory more in being the happy means of your reformation, but the subject is disagreeable to you. — *L. Man.* No sister, I take as much pleasure, in the reflection of that virtue, I detested, as pain in the remembrance of the follies I pursued, but virtue and you have gain'd a conquest.

Aur. 'Tis a glorious one, and to complete it, wash off the guilt by the sacred tie of marriage, make Shadow happy in the continuation of your love, which will be renew'd by the surrender of your fortune. — *L. Man.* I shall be rul'd by you sister.

Enter SERVANT.
Serv. Madam Mr. Shadow waits on you. — *Aur.* Shew him in. *Exit SERV.*

interview.—*Aur.* You who have so often met him on a guilty design, may without a blush, see him on a virtuous one, he's here. — *Enter SHADOW.*

Sha. Ladies a good morning.

Aur. This moment you were the subject, you must spare my sister's blushes, I've been acting the mediatix.

Sha. (To lady Manual.) Dear injured innocence, can you then forgive my guilty address, which press'd your ruin, if you can look down on one who has nothing to offer but his unworthy service, behold your once lov'd Shadow prostrate for forgiveness. (kneeling).—*L. Man.* Rise fir.

Sha. 'Twas I who violated the temple of the Goddess and hope she'll forgive the sacrilege, (x/yes) when I reflect on those hasty minutes which our love snatch'd up, I'm struck dumb with horror.—*L. Man.* I burn with shame, and if a virtuous passion can ballance all our guilty joys, I own, spare the rest.—*Sha.* How sweet a chaste embrace, and with what joy I clasp thee as my own.

Enter SERVANT.—*Serv.* A Watchman below Ma'am desires to speak with you.

Aur. Shew him up. (Exit SERVANT.) did you hear of this adventure Shadow?

Sha. Yes Ma'am and I can tell you, the Watchman who preserv'd you, is your injured Merrit. (Enter MERRIT as a Watch-

lovely Aura! see here your faithful servant, you are the lady who have disbanded him.—*Aur.* Oh my deliverer, can you forgive my prejudice. — *Mer.* Yes dearest Aura, and claim you my own by right of conquest.—*Aur.* You've won me, and wear me, 'Tis our turn now Mr. Shadow.—*Sha.* From my soul I congratulate your happiness.—*Mer.* I had'nt time my friend to wish you joy, I was so transported with my own, my lady Manual your pardon, but I'm so self interested that I'm sure, you'll forgive me.—*L. Man.* With pleasure sir, but how have you dispos'd of my lord?—*Mer.* I have oblig'd him to a full confession of all his frauds, and find him to be only a hireling of the fortune, hunting society in London, he is by trade a hair cutter, and was sent over with their cash and credit to appear as a lord in order to whip up an heiress, you fell into his hands, and it was my good fortune to disconcert his measures by having an eye on him, for this I left London and now intend since you have promis'd me the happy passion to enjoy the rest of my days with my dear Aura, and now my lady Manual, I am so happy and so transported with my happiness that I can look with pleasure on the happiness of others, dear Shadow I rejoice that in being instrumental in my good fortune. you have